Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Avvay my Lord, and flie to London ſtraight,
Make haſt, for vengeance comes along vvith them,
Come ſtand not to expoſtulate, lets go.
King. Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haſt,
And ſommon a Parlament vvith ſpeede,
To ſtop the fury of theſe dyre euents.

Exet King and Queene.

Alarmes, and then a flouriſh, and enter the Duke of *Yorke* and *Richard.*

Yorke. Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that ſo long vve loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did vſurpe our rights:
But did you ſee old Salsbury, ſince we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the loſſe of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My Lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thriſe I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thriſe this hand did ſet him vp againe,
And ſtill he fought with courage gainſt his foes,
The boldeſt ſprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter *Salisbury* and *Warwicke.*

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the houſe of Yorke.
Salſ. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou haſt preſeru'd my life.
Yorke. What ſay you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament.

What

What ſaies Lord Warwicke, ſhall we after them?
Warw. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterneſt in all age to come.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch daies as theſe to vs befall.

Exet omnes.

FINIS.

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